

ILLEGITIMATE

USE



piss



bird



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just because i birdgods fuckboys anusgirls.

hey. “hey.” who wants to talk about phospholipid bilayers and obedience training through metabolic coercion? a slightly more elderly than adolescent woman looks at me and says “hey.” hey. what time is it? where you going? the mcdonald’s in tomah wisconsin i get my shit coffee and hang around the parking lot. slow enough she says “i’ll tell you one thing, those bitches in there don’t know how to knock.” i probably walked home in the rain. happened twice that summer.

the length spring takes to defrost

My mini-skirt nourishes boys with cottage cheese
while I sip the juices from a solar herpe
on my lip--A blister I display with a hand
on my hip because I'm usually so proud to be organic.
But this is a day for bedsprings to collapse,
for past values to relapse, and my mascara to coalesce.
My hands are hard from needles,
sewing thread, the effects of fashion tests,
and the failures of beauty that I've come to replace
with a fleshsicle and a memory of anyone.
I'm reflecting upon a winter's moment
when I had a premonition:
"The fruit of flowers will be rot or shit."
I love my chest, just not the inside.
My menthol lungs feel synthetic.
I don't know when I last had a wish.
The axial tilt knows it's April and I'm coughing.

sleep sniffing ceramic tiles.

A skunk walked along the tree lawn, sniffing herself
and mailboxes, knowing the kid followed a couple houses
behind. A night shift cop idled, "Where do you live?"
"Have you ever seen a skunk at night? I've been sleepless
around the corner." The kid kicked loose asphalt.
The cop feels coffee behind his eyes, "Go home. Go to bed."
Traffic lights don't cycle until they sense a presence.
The kid goes home. He goes to bed. He doesn't dream.
A silverfish on the wall bridges the gap to cotton,
contacts lice while exploring hair, forehead, nose,
upper lip. The boy breathes out.
He wakes with a bug in his mouth.

no this is mesh

Put your face up against mesh to discover if you think I'm more attractive with pattern distortion. then run laughing to the swing and our genitals sneeze to reveal childhood desires and we bite screaming our arms. No this is mesh. Weave me into the floor and stomp me until I'm gore. A parody of couples documenting their dates using empty toilet paper rolls with unhappy faces drawn on them--unwrapping and throwing away our outward selves to gain intimacy outside of the butt, especially when we're at the beach because now the bodies are breaking down and dying before our eyes: so fuck dates. Really, i'll get lost and tag my posts with the names that are culling me.

grunt for me now

Starfish infested tree with burns on rooted mouth
craves to be lust driven before family.

The urbans bargain a hard cock, ribbed, throated,
masterful, caked with clay. Wired lawn animals
exfoliate the behaviors of pedestrians visiting
on plastic propeller broomsticks, and a mirror
in the shape of sin shrieks until liberty melts
the contract on which girls shit octopus flakes.

They grin canned aphrodisiac refineries. Nuclear
philanthropies burst on the beach between grains
and gulls, guns, and gastrofelines. The dunes roll
as we work calves climbing, here to there,
taking care not to disturb spiders in the bush
and replacing shoes over spots with rough grasses,
but we orgasm moonwalking the descent,
barefoot, us products of fledgling fathers.

i don't need a hug, i need ointment.

we need more mouth in here, this room that is with the charred shoes on the walls. that's right. i burn my old shoes fifty percent steal laces off the ones in the store and hang them nails. i got charred shoes on my walls. i got nails. i got new laces. what you got? a brother with a gun for a mouth blowing his shit every other month. so you bounced on some guy's dick, told him he needed to hold down his lunch and you'd be back in seven eight weeks or a quantifiable amount of time anyway and to just calm the fuck down for once because jesus christ all you did was slide down his skinny a few times and it's not like you're fucking engaged or ever even went to the movies so move home if you have to and play some videogames to get over it like a normal pseudo adult.

the power of piss

You look like a centipede resting in the urinal
like if my face gets too close
or as if the scent I peed knows the mouth I feed.
That cake you eat daily gets to smell like the King of Chicago,
either him or that riot with a flipped car or a greeting card.
This could get chalky depending on choices.
The kids die, or they do.
You could erase those chalk outlines though, if you want.
You are an accident I want to let happen just so I can laugh
and say I actually went so far as to let you dump my date.
Does ejection ever feel like rejection to you?

kids throw up

and she knew he was a drinker,
with a vest over the jacket
overlabeled by needles,
arms are needles,
corrects his glasses,
a face like mars.
Some band in the basement
they hear in the backyard
by the fire and the dead lawn,
and a dumpster parks splintered fuel
and their bikes are comfortable by the whitewash.
All is good enough so they stay,
then they're friends.

Five little circles hover like bubbles
in a sink that won't drain
until the fire slips out,
the bands slink away,
and the tall tomboy with the flask,
who laughs whenever the expired
revolutionary that has no use for running water
spins a statement that grazes the ears
like unnoticed ringworm on a humid towel,
is the only one left to ask for release.

sometimes i see bugs and that's all that matters.

i'm uh... like a plant or something. i got chloroplastic surrogates in my nerve endings. they tasted like balsamic vinegar until i corrupted their registry files and ionized the surrounding hemoglobin. sorry mom, your quiche was neurotoxin. so take that, junkmaster general, and your biodegradable syringe can suck groundwater because i've got parasites in my GI tract that turn my DNA into oxidized rhapsody.

damp as you always were somehow

I draw the line from behind
the ear to the edge
and I don't care if I ever
capture the essence
of the contour to caress
the hand suspended,
shoulder fingertips proximal
phalanx of the third finger
and I crave to grasp
that bit of hand even despite
the lips a skeptic pierced
and the eyes fixated
on the lens, glossed
damp as you are always somehow
like you've just showered or
follow rain or fetishize water slides
or you keep the sprinkler hooked
to the house so instead of coffee breaks
you run outside . . .

i smell water

i smell water until it gives me visions in the sense that i passively smell water in the general sense that water has a common scent until other water that exists independently of the clause because it is outside the previously stated mode signification gives (as in, hands over with agency) visions to me implying that other water possessed visions that are not my own and now i have acquired them from sentient other-water but first i had to experience the scent of water before the particular water would either deem me worthy of receiving or be coerced into giving me these visions, but this detail, among perhaps others cannot be known but are nonetheless suggested by the initial premise.

piano room

i'm staying in a new town now, too far,
but do you remember spring when we shared
a piano bench? i did everything
i could not to put my hand over yours.
in that practice room, we had to learn
about silence between struggles,
and the tension caused by exposed
moments. your mistakes resonated
after ivory and were forgotten
while mine became visible down corridors,
the courtyard, the stairwell, where i held
doors open as long as possible for us.
we parted ways for a week or two,
managed to exchange phone numbers,
though barely used, and were left lacking
a real excuse to continue.

meet me at the reservoir

See that washing machine over there?
In between the truck and the chain link fence.
The back breeds rust because
no paint, plus time.
Before the rust, amid snow and yellowed light,
I frenched an irish irony.
He had hands like feathers.

I'm telling you cars will pass by,
but if one comes to confront us,
I'm going to vault our background
where the concrete and fence meet.
I will break to the other side of this compound
and knock down the window screen
I always keep resting loose.
Don't follow me.

bro boxed bronx

i was getting pounded by a drunk bro in limousine. my ass started twitching and next thing i knew, my dick was spewing oxygen. it was like a wild air compressed hose, you know, the ones at the gas station. everything tingled like i was pissing but lighter. the bro said, "got cock rage?" i said, "this is par for the course. keep mowing my lawn." a window dresser in a sneak suit came over to us and offered water with lemon. i cried at the sight of her, so she put my chest between her thighs like a vice until a rib cracked. everything was justified after that, so i thanked her. the bro boxed his own ears and moved to the bronx. we never talked again.

a chat over tea when a soup shot out

"Shirley," I said during her afterbirth delivery over tea,

"you've got a mouth that precipitates fake laughter."

She shut up, questioned, then relented.

This was woman to woman.

Her birth was whining, her afterbirth smiling, the sofa now shining with the various fluids of vagina.

And that's when a soup seeped out of the heirloom china teapot.

The clam chowder fronted a viscosity and fragrance thick like a lion's mane, but as if housed on a horse.

Shirley cowered to protect her emerging afterbirth,

but I, eager with anger, stood tall upon the coffee tabletop.

I held her heirloom high to deny the lip

that frontal tip so instinctual to a teapot.

A slopped up clam job coated my hands and hardened like latex.

My furrowed brow provoked fresh androgyny within my loins.

With this, I sniffed a passion and rushed from my stance

to stroke Shirley's buttock,

an action which would stoke the soaked herbal fire.

Soup shattered free to accelerate at a rate of over 1,000 meters per second, per second.

Soup crashed through the carpet covered hardwood

with a trajectory destined to ricochet off a stud, and another,

within the time of an adrenal squirt,

only to lay and smolder in a crater, steaming on basement concrete.

who lies about being a punk

soon realized my mouth was a tool of the state/
soon sewed it shut with the needle
thread bought at starbucks oh fuck such
a hypocrite/police tell really gund
knock/knock jokes unlike UPS who ding/dong/
ditch you all day then save all yr pictures
tag them olympics while you do the reject
until a burly man kisses you but nobody
knows how serious to be all the time.

like, don't even know how to tell [sick] joke.
it's more like a rhetorical move that chanced
made you laugh so when you say
"some boy put his crotch up against my
leg and looked me in the eyes/"
inch away until he gets distracted by other kids
but know how to move index finger up
and down the big string while plucking it with a plastic
thing and bounce hair in face but then over/
loaded the preamplifier on production
apparatus and vocation terminated.

**i hid soba noodles in yr pizza so you'd feel like
less of a racist while eating ice cream later.**

the difference between speakers and headphones is the difference
between stabbing yourself in the chest and blowing your head
off. why see it when you can drown yourself in a bathtub over
the course of 19 hours lullabies and all with wine and the works i
mean what i'm saying is let's get drunk in the bathtub together
and vote 89% yes because 11% of ourselves would rather be
playing cops and rooibos. this is you on drugs. this is you on
blood. this is you telling yourself you can connect. this is a brain.
posthumans know how to turn insight back into instinct. take me
to be your unlawfully embedded knife. i love yr hands if we ever
have sex i would let you choke me.

road drag

Pharaohs fear Gorbachev because the newspaper
slandered her a faggot. Wearing the plants
down like teeth ground against chitin ancient
artwork. Mineral sink stock
flow applies groans to the gout.
I slut my nasty along the café
window and sense a pick-up
truck, tire chains, plow down,
dragging dead Gorbachev.
Burnt holes in her fabric
envelope other membrane holes,
forming no exploit other than mesh. The rain soaks
in other wetness, some Celsius too, at least.

A split bone—no, an exposed
bone, a fractured bone, one
that was actually surplus, asserts
like a hero from between her brow
or facial cheek. Carrion cross-corpsed Gorbachev,
from feet, arms glide like mangled sleep
from deep to alert, an arm removed,
we're scared the warmth pumping
back will one day pump out
and lend relief to someone else,
like a Minnesotan small
town parading with their plows down.

flight from Minneapolis to O'Hare

This woman's braces break my vessel.
Calcium wiggles out of my kidney.
"More sodium?" asks the airline.
"More symbiotes," she says.
I never touch the stuff, cleavage I mean.
Eyes roll back in our heads.
My eyes, her head, my head, her eyelid.
The attendant sews up a satin puke bag.
I shake my skull, grimace, pull chest hairs,
mark the Young-Girl's arm with pen,
a nomer with a number.
Her attitude grinds on my talk,
"I signed my first lease on Thursday."
Additives creep out of her mouth to feed
upon my sex and contempt. The hair
below my knees is wet between
the everyone's toes. My ears pop
inside her jaw. I blow my sock off.

ankle socks jump to a new balance white

lots of pictures and idioms so your advisor doesn't have to actually read it, though i'm sure you two have barbecues during office hours. so reverse yr digestive tract vomit the shit you ate ascribe the author function to yr poetry partner treat shakespeare like a two bit preteen. learn to read Korean in 15 minutes. i know how to unbutton my blouse and lean over a desk when i'm alone.

“you beat tank soldier in warehouse!”

i'm going to offend so many people in no particular order.

put screws in shoes jump a lot take out the trash because now yr feet are garbage.

my brain is on the ground because i snorted it out of my nostril and now i can't evaluate emotions. bummer.

music festivals are pretty awful. they're like super long concerts, and concerts are like glorified shows, which are also miserable.

what i'm trying to say is that live music is like telling me you're going to choke me during sex and then just killing me instead.

who would like to hit me very hard thank you so much.

it's all fun and games until a 23 year old genderqueer vegan activist gets to your text post

instead we read chikamatsu's love suicides.

i'm a gross misconduct.

fanfic doujinshi of illuminations where walter benjamin is a new ager and time travels astral projects to harass adorno while he attempts to bathe in ten different hot springs.

stop reproducing that curvature and uploading it to facebook

hundreds of times. i spit on myself while all of you in unison yell at me with yr lippy gesture, disassembling my sleep.

sent texts and tweets while double vision drunk on my lawn.

connerection principles

the people the floor below know they rub too much when the
smell sucks around. one body spiders a gland up the glass
another crowds into a yawning stamen but won't stay. the second
cannot help sharting shoves between that follicle and the blasted
hemjob gristle threaded thanksgiving in ontario--teh blockage
don't appreciate . . .

connerection principles.

been renting here years . . .

shove me i need

i need abuse. i need your abusive affections.
shove me. shove me through a glass wall.
i need abuse. bone for dinner. take a need
of our abusive affections.
i need abuse. we had great coitus needs and your abusive
affections. buck. look.
i need bone for dinner. abuse. affection.
i need abuse. i need your abusive affectshove me. shove me
through a glass wall.
i need abuse. my eyeballs need your walls. we had great coitus
and abusive affections. we had great coitus
i need a brute. i need your brutish connections.
shove me. shove me through a glass wall.
your abusive addictions need to shove me through a glass wall.
shove me. shove me and fuck me heartily through a glass wall.
we grate skin through a glass wall. we had great coitus
interruptus. shove me. shove me consume everythingconsume
everything consume everything consume everything through a
glass wall.
shove me. me on fire shove me through a glass wall.
i had a vomit fire flesh and i fucking
need abuse. consume everything i need your abusive affections
consume everything.
everyone needs abuse. i need your abusive affectshove me. shove
me through a glass wall.
i need abuse. i need your abusive affections.
i nut a buzz. i heed hour a busty affliction.
i need abuse. i neither nor feed on a bus.
touch me. hardly.

now that inconsistent

the soft

spots

make me wonder

what kind of a man are you what kind of a man what a kind man

are you what a kind man

my my my weevil it no longer

forgets

feels like

on my wrist

and the knee jerk

hurts myself.